To search you out.

Oth. Tis well I am found by you,
I will but spend a word here in the house, and goe with you.

Cas. Auncient, what makes he here?

Ia Faith he to night, hath boorded a land Carriack,
If it prooue lawfull prize, hee's made for euer.

Cas I doe not vnderstand.

Ia Hee's married.

Cas. To whom.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, *and others with lights and weapons.*

Ia. Marry to— Come Captaine, will you goe?

Oth. Ha'with you.

Cas. Here comes another troupe to seeke for you.

Ia. It is *Brabantio*, Generall be aduisde,
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla, stand there!

Rod. Seignior, it is the Moore.

Bra. Downe with him thiefe.

Iag. You *Roderigo*, come sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keepe vp your bright swords, for the dew will rust em,
Good Seignior you shall more command with yeares
Then with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foule theefe, where hast thou stowed my daughter?
Dambd as thou art, thou hast inchanted her,
For Ile referre me to all things of sense,
(If she in chaines of magick were not bound)
Whether a maide so tender, faire, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shund
The wealthy curled darlings of our Nation,
Would euer haue (to incurre a general mocke)
Runne from her gardage to the sooty bosome
Of such a thing as thou? to feare, not to delight:
Iudge me the world, if t'is not grosse in sense,
That thou hast practisd on her with foule charmes,
Abusd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,
That weakens motion: Ile haue't disputed on;

Tis

Tis portable and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and doe attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant.
Lay hold vpon him, if he doe resist,
Subdue him at his perill.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should haue known it,
Without a prompter, where will you that I goe,
To answere this your charge?

Bra. To prison, till fit time
Of Law, and course of direct Session
Call thee to answer,

Oth. What if I doe obey,
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose Messengers are heere about my side,
Vpon some present businesse of the State,
To beare me to him.

Officer. Tis true most worthy Seignior,
The Duke's in Councell, and your noble selfe,
I am sure is sent for.

Bra. How? the Duke in Councell?
In this time of the night? bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cause: the Duke himselfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as twere their owne.
For if such actions, may haue passage free,
Bondslaues, and Pagans shall our Statesmen be. *E*

Enter Duke and Senators, set at a Table, with li and Attendants.

Duke. There is no composition in these newes,
That giues them credit.

1 *Sena.* Indeed they are disproportioned,
My letters say, a hundred and seuen Gallies,

Du. and mine an hundred and forty.

2 *Sen.* And mine two hundred: